

The Republican Ticket

Is running on the only genuine, straight-from-the-shoulder platform in this campaign. No deception, no fraud.



E. M. LATIMER
For Commissioner No. 2.
Everybody knows him. He has been local manager of the Postal Telegraph company for several years.

E. M. LATIMER
For Commissioner No. 2.

Has lived in Tulsa ten years. Was a hardware merchant for many years at Waco, Texas. Now in the oil and real estate business here. He served one term as county judge in McClellan county, Texas, and served as sheriff of that county under a democratic administration. He has never before been a candidate for office in Oklahoma.

STARTLING AND SENSATIONAL ELECTION CHARGES

Will Not Elect Anybody to Office as Long as Intelligent People Exercise Their Suffrage

The Republicans believe that the people of this city are well enough acquainted with existing conditions without the facts being used to discredit the city and her people. The Republican candidates make DEFINITE statements as to what their policy will be if they are elected. No subterfuge is resorted to.

THE ENFORCEMENT OF ALL LAWS, A BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION, EIGHT HOURS WORK EACH DAY AND JUSTICE TO ALL, WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE, ARE THE SALIENT FEATURES OF THE PLATFORM UPON WHICH THESE SIX RESPECTED CITIZENS ARE ASKING YOUR SUPPORT AT THE POLLS ON APRIL 7...

Vote for Louderback, Bernbock, Kern, Schofield, Latimer and Hisey

They're Men You Know—They're Honest Men—They're Competent Men

There's a Lot of Difference Between Telling What the Conditions Have Been and What They Will Be

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES

—A Few Personal Words

The Republican Party

Stands behind its candidates. The republicans do not pose as disciples of Christ but they do stand for a clean town, and honesty in the administration of municipal affairs.



LE ROY BERNBOCK
For Auditor.
Bernbock is paying teller at the First National bank. One of the most popular and competent young men in Tulsa.

C. W. KERN
For Commissioner No. 1.

Mr. Kern came to Tulsa in 1894. He served on the city school board, and also as a councilman here, without salary. He built the first two oil rigs in Creek county and was superintendent of the construction work on the Sapulpa brick plant and the Tulsa Vitrified brick plant. He has built many homes in this city. He believes in a thorough business administration.

R. F. SCHOFIELD
For Commissioner No. 3.

One of the most extensive property holders in Tulsa. Has resided here eight years. For a number of years he edited the Edna, Mo., Sentinel, one of the leading Republican papers of North Missouri, and also served as postmaster of his home town. He has been active in the improvement of Tulsa.

J. W. HISEY
For Commissioner No. 4.

Mr. Hisey also has resided in Tulsa eight years and has played an important part in the city's development. He was a farmer in Missouri, and after coming to Tulsa he entered the grocery business. He is widely known and his friends are legion. There is no question about his business ability.

MICAH'S BREAK-AWAY



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"PETERED by a nagging woman," muttered Micah. "That's certainly me—no doubt about that."

He refolded the paper so as to bring under his eyes another column of the article on domestic unhappiness. It was headed

THE NAGGING WOMAN.

The Cause of Many Men's Unhappiness and Failure in Life.

If You Are a Victim of One She Will Break You Unless You Break Away!

In front of the porch where Micah sat, the water of the cove rippled in the moonlight, but he was too full of his own dependency to enjoy the bits of the sea or the brightness of the summer day. The trouble was that for several days he had met bad luck in his fishing. That very morning he had put off in the day before yesterday, returned to market barely in time to sell his catch, and the whole fruit of the hours of heavy work was a solitary dollar bill crumpled about some small change.

"This place just describes Phoebe," he continued, and read softly aloud: "The nagging woman usually is an immaculate housekeeper. She has a passion for putting a man's things in order, and for scolding about the slightest thing left out of place."

Phoebe, as she poured him a great cup of tea. She had read his ill success in the paper.

"Don't much luck today?" inquired Phoebe, as she poured him a great cup of tea. She had read his ill success in the paper.

"Dollars forty-five," she returned. "Just polio. No luck at all. An' that wasn't a thing in the lobster-pots."

"The cove's fished out, I guess," she commented with a sigh.

Phoebe, as she poured him a great cup of tea. She had read his ill success in the paper.

"Don't you argue with me, Phoebe! An' don't you nag me! Don't ye do it! I've just found out what's the matter with me! They're an' infatuation in my life that's destroyed my ambition an'—an'—"

"I ain't got to stand it much longer!" he mumbled darkly, by way of finishing his sentence.

Phoebe looked at him in placid wonder.

suffering from a mild touch of melancholia. If he had been a young man with friends about him they would have said he was the victim of a "grouch," and called him out of it.

In truth, he was under a spell of the sort that comes over nearly every man at one time or another—a fierce rebellion against things as they are, a bitter resentment against the bounds of his particular corner in the world, whether those bounds are represented by the confinements of work, or of business, or the ties of family. Whatever it is that the mind in such a state is upon, there is the "break-away" feeling—broke to break away, and to rush out and far off, for once care-free. Is a man of Micah's age, such a spell may be the final flicker of an active youth long since spent, or, perhaps, a brief return of some old nomadic instinct of centuries ago.

But Micah blamed his wife. For a time he lay staring at the ceiling, muttering now and then to himself. "I've been a failure, and I ain't got to stand it no longer. 'Break away,' the paper said, 'or shall break you!' I'm goin' to break away! Goin' to break away!"

He sat up and pulled on his boots. Then, softly, he made up a bundle of clean clothes, fastened under a loose board in the bottom of the closet was a small roll of bills. This he carefully divided, shoving half the money into his pocket and leaving the remainder for Phoebe. Still softly, he stole down the front stairs and out through the seldom-used front door.

"Sho!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Here I be sneakin' off ez if I was ter blame, an' ashamed o' it. I'm jest goin' ter step back for a minute an' tell Phoebe that I'm goin', even if it does make waves. 'Break away' don't just mean 'sneak away,' I guess."

But Phoebe, whom he had supposed to be busy in the kitchen, was not there. Nor was she in the living room, nor in the shed. The whole lower part of the house was without an occupant.

Micah considered. "Gone berryin'!" But there was no sign of his wife along the road to the west, where scattered blackberry bushes bore their dusky fruit. Then, as he stood puzzled, the fishermen, for the first time in his usual preoccupation, noticed the sky.

"Sho!" he exclaimed again. "Lucky I didn't get off fur town a few minutes ago. So tied up in my mind I wasn't watchin' the weather, and I'd have got ketchered sure. That's a mighty heavy thunder-squall comin' up."

added as if injured, and then: "She didn't need ter. I was willin' to leave her the house an' garden, an'—her boat's gone, sure enough!"

Phoebe's own boat, which usually bobbed at the end of a riding-line from the shore, was missing. It was a green-painted light skiff, which Micah had bought ten years before, for while Phoebe could, if Micah's few ones of the heavy dories, of late years the exertion had tired her, and the skiff, which was safe enough to cross the harbor in during fair weather, was much easier to handle.

"Left me, I vow!" concluded Micah. "Gone off an' left me! Wal, if that ain't just like a woman! I hope she's got across ter town all right, though. That squall comin' up—what's that?"

His eye, sweeping the prospect, had been caught by an object far out in the harbor—a little green skiff, moving rapidly with the tide toward the open ocean. In the bow of the boat, Micah could see the glint of what he recognized, even at that distance, as Phoebe's red shawl.

"What's she makin' for?" he gasped in astonishment. "Goin' out like that with a thunder-storm already gathered! Is the woman crazy? Good Lord! I know! She's lost an oar, 's tryin' ter peddle up bow, an' she's makin' it. The tide's takin' her out ter sea, an' the storm—th' storm—"

With but one more glance at the now widely overcast sky, he leaped down the beach to his own dory. The oars lay in her, and with a couple of mighty sweeps Micah brought her bow around. Then, with strong, rapid strokes, he sent the boat plunging across the water in pursuit of the green skiff. As he glanced over a shoulder to lay his course, a quivering flash of white lightning pattered the western sky, and a few seconds brought the accompanying rumble of distant thunder.

"Got ter ketch her!" growled Micah. "Got ter!" His back and arms were doing the work for which they were daily called upon, but it was a long time since he had summoned their strength for such rapid action.

showered figure in the bow was making little headway against the combination of wind and tide.

"Bring her head around!" he shouted. "Keep her up! Oh, Lord! She can't hear me!"

He gasped, for his lungs begrudged the breath the shout had taken. The wind was coming in stronger gusts now, and the waves were growing larger.

"I got ter!" There was a pain back of his right shoulder, where rheumatism had bothered him the previous winter. Micah fought it, grimly refusing to lessen the force of his stroke, or to hear lightly with the threatened arm. Once more he turned; the green skiff and the dot of red were still between him and the rocks.

Somewhere near a mighty flash of lightning struck and a thunder-clap crashed. A tremendous gust of wind reached the dory as Micah, by instinct, whirled his head to meet it. Four rods toward the west, he was suddenly conscious of a thick wall of rain, dropped from the sky.

The next moment the rain and the howling wind were all about him. Their curtain shut from his sight the rest of the world—shut out the green skiff.

Micah himself was in no danger. The dory, in capable hands, could ride out a winter gale. But there was little chance that Phoebe, in that rush of wind and water, could keep her light skiff from being overturned or swamped, even if it was not driven upon the rocks and there smashed to kindling.

Micah caught in the swirl of the elements, pulled desperately, heading the dory as nearly as he dared in the direction where he had last seen the green skiff. But very soon that direction became vague, and in a few minutes he was rowing aimlessly, beaten by the wind and peering desperately into the pouring rain in a vain effort to catch a glimpse of the green skiff or of some landmark to guide him. He could see nothing beyond the gray curtain.

There was no visible sign of the green skiff.

With lips quivering, but his jaws set to hold in any expression of the grief that was tearing at his soul, he sat down. Grimly, and in silence, he balled out the boat. Then he pulled toward the Point.

Carefully searching the rocky shore, he came at last upon some floating broken boards, painted green. Nearby, on a shelving rock, was caught the fragment of a red shawl. There was nothing else.

"It ain't come ashore yet!" he murmured. And then the horror of the impersonal pronoun as applied to what had been his wife, swept over him and his shoulders shook.

Slowly he rowed back to his own landing. Doggedly and reluctantly, he trudged up the well-worn path to the house. To his imagination, the approaching sunset hung gloomy shadows about every angle of the home.

On the little porch, something white caught his attention. It was the newspaper containing the article on domestic unhappiness. Viciously he tore it into pieces and thrust the crumpled fragments under the steps.

"An' I called her a naggin' woman—her!" he muttered.

Warily he crept around the corner of the house and opened the back door. As he stepped into the kitchen there turned to face him a woman whom he had been bending over the stove. She was a short woman, inclined to stoutness—a woman with a broad, good-natured face.

"Phoebe!" he exclaimed, and leaned limply against the doorpost.

"Way, Micah!" she cried. "What ails ye? You're pale ez a ghost, an' shakin'! Have ye got a chill?"

Micah was a New Englander, to whom speech was slow and the broken expression of unusual emotions speechless. He could not have induced him to explain.

"Nothin'!" he stammered. "Nothin'! I—the skiff—"

"I'm awful sorry 'bout th' skiff," Phoebe hastily explained. "It's my fault, Micah, an' I guess I'll have ter go without a boat if I live. Ye see, I was goin' over t' Gregg's ter git some corn husks, an' I put the old clothes basket ter hold 'em in th' bow o' the skiff, with my red shawl ter cover it up. That's lost, too."

"Just ez I was puttin' off, young Mr. Morse druv up in her buggy an' wanted that I sh'd go right over an' see what ailed their new baby that was havin' convulsions. I driv off with him, forgettin' ter make fast my boat. The horse baby was all right when we got there, an' I come back jest afore th' thunder-storm an' seen ye chasin' the skiff. I s'pose it's smashed up," she concluded, regretfully.

"Yes," returned Micah. "It's completely lost."

"Well, I can walk ter town, or use th' dory on a pinch. Way, Micah, that's the first time in years ye've kissed me!"

"Mebbe," said Micah. "But I call 'bats ter do it once in a while from now on. I—d—It's jest come ter me that you an' me's gettin' on, an' we ain't got no very many years left, Phoebe!"